Now Ieſu bleſſe me, am I metaphorphoſed?
I think I know not my ſelfe. Why what a Gods name
doth this man ſee in me, that thus he ſhootes at my
honeſty? Well, but that I know my owne heart, I
ſhould ſcarſely perſwade my ſelfe I were hand. Why
what an vnreaſonable woolſacke is this? He was ne-
uer but twice in my company, and if then I thought I
gaue ſuch aſſurance with my eyes, Ide pull them out,
they ſhould neuer ſee more holy-daies. Well, I ſhall
truſt fat men the worſe while I liue for his ſake. O god,
that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good
time, heeres Miſtris *Foord*.

Enter Miſtreſſe Foord.

Miſ.For. How now Miſtris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Miſ.Pag. O woman, I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in ſuch a caſe
in my life.

Miſ.Foord. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Miſ.Pa. With one that ſweares he loues me,
And I muſt not chooſe but do the like againe:
I prethee looke on that Letter.

Miſ.For. Ile match your letter iuſt with the like;
Line for line, word for word. Onely the name
Of Miſtreſſe *Page*, and Miſtreſſe *Foord* diſagrees:
Do me the kindneſſe to looke vpon this.

Miſ.Pa. Why this is right my Letter.
O moſt notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquity is this?
Let's be reuenged what ſo ere we do.

Miſ.

Miſ.For. Reuenged, if we liue wee'l be reueng
O Lord, if my husband ſhould ſee this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealouſie.

Enter Foord, Page, Piſtoll, and Nym.

Miſ.Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealouſie,
As I am from wronging him.

Piſ.Foord, the words I ſpeake are forc'ſt:
Beware, take heed, for *Falſtaffe* loues thy wife;
When *Piſtoll* lyes, do this.

Foord. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſ. He wooes both yong & old, both rich & po
None comes amiſſe. I ſay he loues thy wife:
Faire warning do I giue, take heed,
For ſummer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare;
Page beleeue him what he ſes. Away ſir corporal

Exit Piſtoll.

Nym. Sir, the humour of it is, he loues your w
I ſhould haue borne the humor Letter to her:
I ſpeake, and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym*
Farwell, I loue not the humour of bread and chee
And there's the humour of it. *Exit*

Page. The humor of it, quoth you;
Heeres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Miſ.Pa. How now ſweete hart, how doſt thou

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Pa. How now man? how do you Miſtris *Foord*

Miſ.Foord. Well I thanke you good M. *Page*.
How now husband, how chance thou art ſo m
choly?

Foord. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.